

A Song in Praise of the Leather Bottel,

Shewing how Glasses and Pots are laid aside,
And Flaggons, and Neggins they can't abide :
And let all Wives do what they can,
'Tis for the Praise and Use of Man :

And this you may very well before,
The Leather-Bottel will longest endure ;
And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first devised the Leather-Bottel.

To the Tune of, The Bottle Maker's Delight, &c.



GOD above that made all things,
The Heavens the Earth, and all therein,
The Ships that on the Sea do swim,
To keep the Enemies out that none come in :
And let them do all they can,
'Tis for the use and praise of Man,
And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the Leather Bottel.
Then what do you say to these Cans of wood,
In Faith they are, and cannot be good :
For when a Man he doth them send
To be fill'd with Ale, as he doth intend :
The bearer falleth down by the Way,
And on the Gound the Liquor doth lay,
And then the bearer begins to ban,
And swears it is long of the wooden Can,

But had it been in the Leather-Bottel,
Although he had fallen, yet all had been well,
And I wish, &c.
Then what do you say to those Glasses fine ?
Yet they shall have no praise of mine :
For when a Company they are set
For to be merry as we are met,
Then if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the Glas and all therein,
If your Table-cloth be never so fine,
There lies your Beer, Ale or Wine .
It may be for a small abate,
A young Man may his Service lose :
But had it been in a Leather-Bottel,
And the stopple in, then all had been well :
And I wish, &c.

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Then what do you say to those black pots three
True, they shall have no praise of me,
For when a Man and his Wife falls at strife,
As many have done (I know) In their life ;
They lay their Hands on the Pot both,
And loath they are to lose their Broath :
The one doth tug, the other doth ill,
Betwixt them both the liquor doth spill ;
But they shall answer another Day,
For casting Liquor so vainly away,
But had it been in the Leather-Bottle,
They might have tug'd till their hearts did ache,
And yet their Liqueur no harm could take ;

Then I wish, &c.

Then what do you say to the silver flaggons fine
True, they shall have no praise of mine :
For when a Lord he doth them send
To be filled with Wine as he doth intend ;
The Man with the flaggon doth run away,
Because it is Silver most Gallant and gay ;
O then the Lord begins to ban,
And swears he hath lost both flaggon and Man ;
There is never a Lord Serving man or Groom,
But with his Leather-Bottle may come,

Then I wish, &c.

A Leather-Bottle we know is good,
For better than Glasses or Cans of Wood,
For when a Man is at work in the field
Your Glasses and pots no Comfort will yield,
Then a good Leather Bottle standing him by,
He may drink always when he is Dry :
It will revive the Spirits (and Comfort the brain
Wherefore let none this Bottle refrain :

For I wish &c.

Also the honest Sythe Man to,
He know not very well what to do,
But for his Bottle standing him near,
That is fill'd with good Houhold Beer,
At Dinner he sets him down to eat,
With good hard Cheese, and bread or meat,
Then his Bottle he takes up again,
And drinks, and sets him down again ;
Saying, Good Bottle stand my Friend,
And hold till this day doth end,

For I wish, &c.

And likewise the Hay-makers they ;
When as they are turning and making of Hay
In Summer weather, when as it is warm,
A good Bottle full will do them no harm.
And at Noon time they sit them down,
To Drink in their Bottles of Ale nut brown
Then the Lads and the Lasses begins to tattle,
What should we do but for this Bottle ?
They could not work if this Bottle were out
For the Day's so hot with the heat of the Sun

Then I wish, &c.

Also the Leader, Lader and the Pitcher,
The Reaper, Hedger and Ditcher,
The Binder and Raker and all
About the Bottles Ears doth fall ;
And if this Liquor be almost gone,
His Bottle he will part with to none.
But says, my Bottle is but small,
One Drop I will not part withal ;
You must go drink at some Spring or Well,
For I will keep my Leather Bottel ;

Then I wish, &c.

Thus you may hear of a Leather Bottel,
When it is filled with Liquor full,
Though the substance be but small,
Yet the Name of the thing is all,
There's never a Lord, Earl or Knight,
but in a bottle doth take delight ;
For when he is a Hunting of the Deer,
He often doth wish for a bottle of beer ;
Likewise the Man that works at the Wood,
A bottle of Beer doth oft do him good,
then I wish, &c.

Then when his bottle doth grow old,
And will give Liquor no longer hold,
Out of the bottle you may take a Clout,
Will mend your shoes when there are worn out
Else take and hang it on a pin,
It will serve to put old crises in,
As rings, Axes and Candle ends,
For young beginners must have such things ;
then I wish, &c.